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ON IMPRUDENT FRIENDSHIP.

IN considering the instability of the ties that bind individuals in unison and communion with each other, I cannot but lament the disgrace which some miscreants have brought upon themselves by wilfully abusing and burying in oblivion the origin of all happiness, and at the same time profess themselves advocates for, and supporters of, the genuine principles of Friendship; under the mask of which, they deceive and render unhappy the honest and unsuspecting part of the community. A few remarks on this important subject may not be unwelcome to the reader.

The words *paradox*, *problem*, &c. are never misrepresented; whereas others, such as *honour*, *reputation*, *friendship*, &c. are scarcely ever quoted, unless to be misapplied.

The words *friendship* and *friend*, are used, indeed, in such a variety of senses, all different, that it is almost impossible to recognize the genuine features of that old-fashioned thing called Friendship among such a group of unaccountables. A spendthrift, after various attempts to borrow money, complains, with a sigh, that he has not a *friend* left in the world; and another, who has not quite reached this period, talks, with some pleasure, of meeting a dozen or two of *friends* to dine at a tavern.—Benjamin Bribewell, Esq. invites his friends to meet at a public hall, and proceed from thence in a *body*! and Captain Swagger, who has accepted a challenge, requests a brother officer to go out with him as his *friend*, and see that he be *fairly* run through the body. A highwayman who quarrels with his accomplices concerning the distribution of the booty, wonders that there should be any bickering among *friends*. Nor is it very uncommon that two who always own a friendship for each other, after cutting and bruising one another until they can scarcely stand, are separated by their *friends*—nay, what is more remarkable, they sometimes shake hands, and agree to part *friends*!

Such are the common ideas of Friendship; and if such is the only Friendship men expect to contract, surely they have little reason to complain if they should be disappointed. After having prostituted the *name*, how can they expect the substance? After having dreamt only of the *fig*, how can

they expect the thing signified? If we consider how those connexions which are called Friendships are formed, we shall the less wonder that they are unstable with most men: it is sufficient to have been twice or thrice in each others company, they become thereafter *friends*, and we are not to be surpris'd, if what is formed so hastily, should be as hastily dissolved. Houses that are thrown up quickly, and while the materials are green and unseasoned, cannot be expected to last long.

There are, on the other hand, some persons who entertain a notion of Friendship so very celestial and romantic, as is not to be expected from the frailty of human nature: They mistake the nature of a *friend* just as much as those of whom I have been speaking. They expect *every* thing from a friend, and in this are as much in fault as those who expected *any* thing. Romantic notions of Friendship are much cherished in novels and sentimental writings, but their tendency is often fatal, and at all times pernicious. A very short intercourse with the world of men, convinces them that they have been reading of ideal beings, and their tempers are apt to be soured; in consequence of which, they entertain worse perceptions of men than they deserve.

There are two kinds of men who are strangers to true Friendship, although they may attain the habit, and appear in outward profession to be sincere; and these are the profane and ignorant, or the immoral. Those who are unsuspecting may anticipate great satisfaction and delight by the outward concessions of the designing friend, but they will sooner or later find, by awful experience, that they have misplaced their sincere regard, and in retaliation for their good offices, receive nothing but impious insults and all the injuries that their depraved *friend* can inflict.

WORLDLY GREATNESS AND HONOURS,

WHEN enjoyed with temperance and wisdom, both enlarge our utility, and contribute to our comfort. But we should not over-rate them; for, unless we add to them the necessary correctives of piety and virtue, besides corrupting the mind, and engendering internal misery, they lead us among precipices, and betray us into ruin.

THE
WANDERINGSOF THE
IMAGINATION.

BY MRS. DOUGLASS.

PREFACE.

AFTER obtruding my late productions on the Public, I retired into the country, where I might have passed fifteen months in endless apathy, had I not felt that idleness, if not the root of all evil, is at least the bane of all good; and that however the spirits may be depressed by misfortune, or the body harrassed by fatigue, the mind, still active, will rather create visions, and pursue phantoms, than subjugate itself to a total oblivion of all the blessings of this life.

Though I had little inclination to be perfectly unemployed, I had as little to busy myself in those works of Fancy and Fiction, which, under the title of Novels, cost much time and great application; and in the composition of which so many of my fair countrywomen eminently excel.

Yet was I determined not to sacrifice the peaceful moments allotted to me in mental slumbers. I considered that I have seen much; that I have reflected more; that my reading had not been inconsiderable; and that I had travelled not without some attention to the men and manners of various countries; that the recollection of some of these objects might not only amuse myself, but prove interesting to people less accustomed to diversity of situation, and, perhaps, less qualified to draw inferences from what they see.

I concluded then, that without wearying myself so as to deprive my mind of the repose it required, and at the same time to keep it's powers in action, I might devote a part of my time to the recollection and recital of such of my *Wanderings* as could not be recounted without some topics for amusement, and some hints for instruction.

But though I thus draw from the fountain-head of actual observation, in some cases, and from experience in others, my Reader is not to infer that my writings will be less entertaining than the *Wanderings of Fiction*. For I need not tell those who are capable of making observation, that almost every life is full of adventure; of strange transitions and wonderful revolutions; and he that adheres to simple facts, and relates what passes before him, need seldom have recourse to fiction for subjects even marvellous, and such as may at once instruct and delight the Reader.

The principal object of a writer, thus circumstanced, is to select with discretion, and to relate with effect. In this I know not how far I may have succeeded, because I am ignorant of the extent of my own powers, and conscious only of my good intentions.

With these sentiments, and impressed with a due sense for the favourable reception of my former productions, I humbly submit to the candour and to the protection of the public my *Wanderings of the Imagination*.

FIRST WANDERING.

DURING an excursion last Summer, in the county of Kent, when my finances would not afford me a better conveyance than a stage-coach, I frequently amused myself, (not, as is usual, with the different countenances and characters of it's passengers) but with those incidents on the road, with which chance not unfrequently furnished me.

As I was admiring the beauty of the hop-grounds, which flourished in rich luxuriance near the side of the ocean, a sailor caught my attention. He no sooner perceived the coach, than he ran eagerly towards it; his countenance was expressive of something between sorrow and gladness. On his right side was a stump, which he emphatically held towards us: his left arm he extended towards the sea, which, as his eye glanced over, appeared to intimate, "This still remains for the service of my country!"

Perhaps the cheerful tar had no such idea as that which I hastily formed on seeing him; but his smiling countenance indicated something above the generality of beggars, who, conceiving that their mutilated bodies are insufficient to excite pity, aim at a distortion of features, and a story in which the marvellous bears the strongest part, as better calculated to impose on the genuine feelings of humanity.

The contrasted appearance of this son of Neptune pleased me; but while I was ruminating in his favour, I was neglectful of the more essential mode of serving him; and before I could reach the bottom of my pocket, the coach drove on, and left him to the chance of a more favourable moment in the hearts of succeeding travellers, who might probably be actuated by different feelings than mine to relieve his necessities. I could not, however, help reflecting, that good intentions ought to be speedily performed; and that to neglect opportunities of benevolence, is not conformable to the doctrine and practice of him who made the human heart.

In the county of Kent, and her little Island of Thanet, Nature is gaily, and luxuriantly dressed. The extremes of affluence, or penury, are seldom met with; the lands are fertile, and well cultivated; and the round bodies of the horses bespeak the ease of their employers. Here are various little plants elsewhere unknown; and the botanist would find his labours amply rewarded by strictly scrutinizing the soil of Thanet.

Were I inclined to extend description, I should fully expatiate on the beauties and manners of this pleasant county; which I saw with pleasure, and left with regret; but as I intend this to be rather an irregular journal, than a studied publication, I will bid adieu to it, and all its delights; and in wishing its inhabitants every enjoyment that can arise from industry, and benevolence, proceed to give an account of my

SECOND WANDERING.

I could never account for national prejudice. It is a narrow-minded opinion, inconsistent with reason and humanity: it extends itself to counties, towns, and even villages. The

Spaniards are proud—the Italians and Portuguese revengeful—the French barbarous—and England is supposed to be, by Englishmen, the *only* spot of Europe which unites every virtue, untainted by any vice. Born myself an Englishwoman, and the daughter of a Portuguese, I feel a more natural propensity towards this country, the harbour of my birth and education, than towards Portugal; although the laws of England have sufficiently operated against me, to excuse any prejudice I might in common justice form against it. These laws (the boast of Englishmen) have been exercised towards myself with severity, but without justice: they have been strained against a weak woman, and have proved a galling yoke of slavery, when they should have served as a barrier against injustice and oppression; and they have fully convinced me, that in this *Christian* kingdom, as elsewhere, the hydra of despotism rears her head unabashed, if not swayed by a golden sceptre. Money, and its concomitant, *interest*, bear all before them. In vain will talents, merit, and even virtue itself, lay claim to protection; these are weak prerogatives when opposed to wealth, no matter by what means acquired. The Nabob, who returns home loaded with the spoils of the East, to obtain which he has waded through the blood of thousands, becomes respected as a worthy member of community, as soon as it is known he is a rich one. But should the same person return to this his native country, poor, friendless, and forlorn;—should he urge in excuse for his poverty the uprightness of his heart, which spurned at the idea of acquiring wealth by cruelty and usurpation, how would he then be received? Where would he find the great man to patronize him? And where, alas! the sympathetic mind to commiserate, and the benevolent hand to alleviate his necessities? In England I fear, he would not; or, if he did, it would be more likely in the compassionate breast of a stranger, than in that of what custom, and custom only, calls an *old friend*.

From this dangerous, because most abused of epithets, arises principally the source of all our misfortunes. We cling to it with eager hope, and are almost as frequently met by disappointment.

“Disappointment smiles at Hope’s career!”

In all our wayward pilgrimage through life, we console ourselves with the certainty of reciprocal esteem and disinterested friendship. Youth and prosperity attach themselves to the specious forms of kindness; but the flattering illusions last no longer than the objects which attracted them; and the once-admired favourite of Fortune, no longer in possession of more than the *desire* to do good, becomes an alien to the society of which he was once the *support* and the *pride*. This, indeed, seems an argument in favour of misanthropy; whereas it only strongly inculcates the necessity of limiting our benevolence and our desires, and submit to the dictates of prudence.

I was particularly led into these reflections, by a circumstance which lately occurred to me. As I was enjoying my

meditations in a retired part of St. James’s Park, at an hour prescribed there by custom and fashion, a countenance, of which I had a slender recollection, met my eye. The meanness of his attire was no obstacle to my perceiving that he was a *gentleman*. He walked a few paces before me, and then sitting down on the first bench, pensively leaned his head on his hand, and attentively considered me as I past. I proceeded slowly down the avenue, and took occasion to observe whether he followed me. He kept his place till my return, when he looked sorrowfully in my face, and emphatically shook his head. His meaning was too plain not to be understood: and I answered it by placing myself on the seat near him.

I believe our looks mutually bespoke a wish, mingled with a sort of timid fear, about making the first advance; and in this situation we had probably remained some time longer, had he not, as he afterwards told me, seen something in my face that bore testimony to a feeling heart. With a tremulous voice, he asked me if he was mistaken in my name, which he mentioned; and being satisfied that he was right, he added, “No wonder, Madam, that an interval of twenty-two years, and my present appearance, should conceal from your remembrance the person of Capt. S—.”

The expression of his countenance, and the tone in which he uttered these words, were more convincing proofs of his veracity, than I could discover in the imperfect traces of a form I had once beheld. That form, which I once saw the repository of every manly grace, was now palsied and emaciated, and seemed bending towards the earth, as if anxious to embrace its last asylum. So true is the observation of an accurate observer of human life: “He that wanders about the world sees new forms of misery; and if he chances to meet an old friend, meets a face darkened with troubles.”

I assured him, that I did indeed remember Capt. S—; but that surprise and sorrow now damped the joy I should have felt on the renewal of our acquaintance, had I found him in a situation more worthy of him. I intreated him to believe, that however hardly fortune had dealt by him (and that she had dealt hardly I could not doubt), there still existed some few compassionate hearts; and that I was proud to place mine among the number. He gently pressed my hand to his lips; intreated I would name an early day for giving him another meeting in the same place; and telling me he was then going by appointment to see *his old friend*, and former Colonel, Lord G. he tottered down the avenue, but not till we had agreed on meeting the following morning at twelve; when he promised to acquaint me with the success of his visit, from which he already seemed to derive the most sanguine expectations. My eyes could only follow him for a few minutes, but my heart ceased not to accompany him throughout the day; and while I pondered on the vicissitudes of life, and retracing his former situation, I could not help sorrowfully contrasting it with his present embarrassments.

(To be continued.)

[The EDITORS of the NEW-YORK WEEKLY MAGAZINE, present their readers, this week, with the first number of the "FARRAGO," from the inimitable pen of Mr. DENNIE, author of "*The Lay Preacher*," &c. &c. The pure morality, the elegant and classical style which is portrayed in every paragraph, the Editors flatter themselves will be acceptable to the lovers and patrons of Literature. The *Farrago* originally appeared in "THE TABLET," a literary paper published in Boston, which was universally read and admired throughout the New-England States.]

THE FARRAGO.

No. I.

"A DESULTORY WAY OF WRITING,
A HOP, STEP, AND JUMP MODE OF INDITING."

PETER PINDAR.

L E SAGE, the merry author of *Gil Blas*, delights to expatiate in praise of a Spanish soup, denominated, in that language, an *Olla Podrida*, a dish formed by a motley mixture of many ingredients, of which some one can tickle the most fastidious palate.

Essays should resemble this *Olio*, if their author wish for readers. When a student sits down to a system, he expects the formality and method of the schools, but how frequent would be the yawn, if periodical writings resembled LOCKE'S *Essay on Understanding*? Of works intended for amusement, the essence is sprightliness and variety. Without these requisites a reader would rise from the literary repast, and, in SHAKESPEARE'S phrase, pronounce it but *lenten* entertainment.

When cookery was young, viands the most simple were sought; and, in an ancient bill of fare, acorns and spring water were the first articles. Time has created alteration; and the refinement of modern luxury requires *made* dishes. Plain food daily grows into disrepute, and, for the substantial firkoin we substitute ragouts and fricacees, replete with spicery. To gratify modern taste, every thing must be *high seasoned*. This irregular appetite affects the library, as well as the table, and extends to the books, which we read, as well as to the dishes, which we taste. Motley miscellany, in all its Proteus forms, aptly christened by the British book-sellers "light, summer reading," is the favourite amusement of all *gentle students*. On this occasion, one might declaim against modern degeneracy; might compare the tinsel of KELLY with the gold of ADDISON; might sigh for solid books and dishes, and invoke HOOKER and BACON to write, and a turnspit of Queen ELIZABETH to cook for us. But this species of railing is grown so trite that "'tis a custom more honoured in the breach, than in the observance." It is better, with a willing adroitness, to comply, with what we cannot change, and to form the "stuff" of our argument, as a tailor cuts a coat, by the rule of fashion.

A literary adventurer, confident of amusing himself, though almost hopeless of amusing others, prepares to scrib-

ble in conformity to the preceding sentiment. Though still juvenile, he has, for a period of some duration, been in the habit of marking the hues of "many-colored life." The morning he gives to books, and the evening to men; and, from every page that he twirls, and from every character which he sees, he endeavours, like his renowned predecessor, the Spectator, to extract amusement or instruction. He is not, however, like him, only an observer in society, but cheerfully converses even with "wayfaring men, though fools," that he may learn some particulars of life's journey. With all the restlessness of busy indolence, and with all the volatility of a humming bird, he roams from object to object, as caprice inspires. This is the province of a lounge; he is one of "the privileged orders" in society, and to wander is his vocation.

Thus inquisitive from habit, and thus restless from temper, he fancies, perhaps presumptuously, that he may now become the herald of what he has seen and heard. In giving his lucubrations to the world, he confesses that his nerves thrill with the tremors of timidity. Though he thinks, with Dr. YOUNG, that "fondness of fame, is avarice of air," yet, in spite of sober belief, juvenile ambition

"Will sink with spleen, or swell with pride,
"As the gay palm is granted, or denied."

As he is a *volunteer* in the literary corps, he hopes that severe discipline will not be exercised. He implores of the critics a dispensation from an observance of the more rigid rules of method, as he never was educated in that "drowsy school." A lover of the desultory style, his effusions shall keep pace with STERNE'S—in digression and eccentricity, though halting far behind him in wit. Such a writer, the logicians must permit to wander at large,

"Nor to a narrow path confin'd,
"Hedge in, by rules, his roving mind."

If he be suffered to remain enfranchised, though abusing his liberty, he may stray from the high road, yet he hopes never to deviate far from the boundaries of common sense; and if, in the wildness of volatility, he sometimes leap the hedge, he will endeavour to catch a butterfly, or crop a flower. All parties in the *State*, may read the moderate sentiments of a writer, who will neither factiously blow the trumpet of democracy, nor proudly stalk in the aristocratical buskin. All sects in the *Church*, may cheerily and charitably unite in the perusal of a work, intended to amuse as a speculation, not dogmatize as a creed. Though feminine foibles will be smilingly derided, yet, at the apprehension of malignant satire from the author of the *Farrago*, not a heart need palpitate, a fan flutter, nor a tea-table shake. If the ladies will "put away those strange gods," coquetry, futility and artifice, he will, in the words of SHAKESPEARE'S weaver, so restrain and aggravate his voice, that he will roar at them, like any sucking dove, he will roar, like any nightingale.—In fine, like every other adventurer, he promises plausibly; and though he cannot hope to instruct by golden precept, like PYTHAGORAS, or divert by humour, like FALSTAFF, yet like SANCHE PANZA, by his very simplicity he may inform and amuse.

THE ADVENTURES OF ALPHONSO AND MARINA;
AN INTERESTING SPANISH TALE.

(Concluded from page 342.)

NO sooner had she come to the bottom of the stairs than she perceived Don Alphonso. Her joy almost deprived her of speech; she leaned against the wall, her head sunk on her shoulder, and the tears bedewed her cheeks. She wiped them away, stopped a moment to take breath, and, endeavouring to speak with firmness, approached the prisoner.

'Stranger,' said she, disguising her voice, 'you have killed your companion. What could induce you to commit such a horrid crime?'

'Alcaid,' answered Don Alphonso, 'I have committed no crime; it was an act of justice; but I am desirous to die. Death alone can end the miseries, of which the wretch I have sacrificed was the first cause. Condemn me. I wish not to make a defence. Deliver me from a life which is hateful to me, since I have lost what alone could render it delightful; since I can no longer hope ever to find'—

He was scarce able to conclude, and his voice faintly expressed the name of Marina.

Marina trembled on hearing him pronounce her name. She could scarcely conceal her transports, but was ready to throw herself into the arms of her lover. The presence, however, of so many witnesses restrained her. She, therefore, turned away her eyes, and faintly requested to be left alone with the prisoner. She was obeyed.

Giving a free course to her tears she advanced towards Don Alphonso, and offering him her hand, said to him, in a most affectionate tone, 'Do you then still love her who lives for you alone?'

At these words, at this voice, Alphonso lifts his head, unable to believe his eyes. 'Oh Heavens! Is it—is it my Marina! Or is it some angelic being assuming her form? Yes, it is my Marina herself, I can no longer doubt it,' cried he, clasping her in his arms, and bathing her with his tears. 'It is my love, my life, and all my woes are ended.'

'No,' said Marina, as soon as she could recover speech, 'you are guilty of bloodshed, and I cannot free you from your fetters; but I will repair to-morrow to the superior judge, will inform him of the secret of my birth, relate to him our misfortunes, and, if he refuses me your liberty, will return and end my days with you in this prison.'

Marcello immediately gave orders for the removal of Alphonso from the dungeon into a less hideous place of security. He took care that he should want for nothing, and returned home to prepare for his journey, the next day, when a most alarming event prevented his departure, and hastened the delivery of Don Alphonso.

Some Algerine galleys, which had for several days pursued the ship on board which Don Alphonso was, had arrived on the coast, some time after the shipwreck; and willing to repay themselves for the trouble they had taken, had determined to land, during the night. Two renegadoes, who

knew the country, undertook to conduct the barbarians to the village of Gadara, and fulfilled their promise but too well.

About one in the morning, when labour enjoys repose, and villainy wakes to remorse, the dreadful cry *to arms! to arms!* was heard.

The Corsairs had landed, and were burning and slaughtering all before them. The darkness of the night, the groans of the dying, and the shrieks of the inhabitants, filled every heart with consternation. The trembling wives caught their husbands in their arms; and the old men sought succour from their sons. In a moment the village was in flames, the light of which discovered the gory scymitars and white turbans of the Moors.

Those barbarians, the flambeau in one hand, and the hatchet in the other, were breaking and burning the doors of the houses; making their way through the smoking ruins, to seek for victims or for plunder, and returning covered with blood, and loaded with booty.

Here they rush into the chamber, to which two lovers, the bride and bridegroom of the day, had been conducted by their mother. Each on their knees, side by side, was pouring forth thanks to heaven, for having crowned their faithful wishes. An unfeeling wretch, remorseless, seizes the terrified bride; loads her unhappy lover, whom in cruelty he spares, with chains; and snatches before his face, in spite of his distraction, his tears, prayers, and exclamations, that prize which was due to him alone.

There they take the sleeping infant from its cradle. The mother, frantic, defends it, singly, against an host. Nothing can repel, nothing can terrify her. Death she braves and provokes. For her child she supplicates, threatens, and combats; while the tender infant, already seized by these tigers, starts, wakes, stares, with the wild agony of terror, on the grim visage of its murderer, and sinks into convulsive horror and sleep, from which it wakes no more.

Nothing is held sacred by these monsters. They force their way into the temples of the Most High, break the shrines, strip off the gold, and trample the holy relics under foot. Alas! of what avail to the priests is their sacred character? to the aged their grey hairs? to youth its graces, or to infancy its innocence? Slavery, fire, devastation, and death are every where, and compassion is fled.

On the first alarm the Alcaid made all haste to the prison to inform Don Alphonso of the danger. The brave Alphonso demanded a sword for himself and a buckler for the Alcaid. He takes Marina by the hand, and making his way to the market-place, thus accosts the fugitives: 'My friends, are ye Spaniards, and do ye abandon your wives and children to the fury of the infidels?'

He stops, he rallies them, inspires them with his own valor, and, more than human, (for he is a lover, and a hero) rushes, sabre in hand, on a party of the Moors, whom he instantly disperses. The inhabitants recover their recollection and their courage; enraged, behold their slaughtered friends; and hasten in crowds to join their leader.

Alphonso, without quitting Marina, and ever solicitous to expose his life in her defence, attacks the barbarians at the head of his brave Spaniards, and dealing destruction to all who make resistance, drives the fugitives before him, retakes the plunder and the prisoners, and only quits the pursuit of the enemy to return and extinguish the flames.

The day began to break, when a body of troops, who had received information of the descent of the infidels, arrived from a neighbouring town. The governor had put himself at their head and found Don Alphonso surrounded by women, children, and old men; who, weeping, kissed his hands, with unfeigned gratitude, for having preserved their husbands, their fathers, or their sons.

The governor, informed of the exploits of Don Alphonso, loaded him with praises and caresses; but Marina, requesting to be heard, declared to the governor in presence of the whole village, her sex; giving, at the same time, a relation of her adventures, the death of the bravo by Don Alphonso, and the circumstances which rendered him excusable.

All the inhabitants, greatly affected with her story, fell at the feet of the governor, intreating pardon for the man to whom they were indebted for their preservation. Their request was granted, and the happy Alphonso, thus restored to his dear Marina, embraced the governor, and blessed the good inhabitants. One of the old men then advanced: 'Brave stranger,' said he, 'you are our deliverer, but you take from us our Alcald; this loss perhaps outweighs your benefit. Double our blessings; instead of depriving us of our greatest, remain in this village; condescend to become our Alcald, our master, our friend. Honour us so far, as to permit nothing to abate our love for you. In a great city, the cowardly and the wicked, who maintain the same rank with yourself, will think themselves your equals; while, here, every virtuous inhabitant will look on you as his father; next to the Deity himself, you will receive, from us, the highest honour; and, while life remains, on the anniversary of this day, the fathers of our families will present their children before you, saying, 'behold the man who preserved the lives of your mothers.'

Alphonso was enchanted while he listened to the old man. 'Yes,' cried he, 'my children, yes, my brethren, I will remain here. My life shall be devoted to Marina and to you. But my wife has considerable possessions in Granada. Our excellent governor will add his interest to ours that we may recover them, and they shall be employed to rebuild the houses which the Infidels have burnt. On this condition alone, will I accept the office of Alcald; and though I should expend in your service, both my riches and my life, I should still be your debtor; for it is you who have restored to me my Marina!'

Imagine the transports of the villagers while Alphonso spoke. The governor was a person of power, and undertook to arrange every thing to his wish; and, two days afterwards, the marriage was celebrated between Marina and her lover.

Notwithstanding their late misfortunes, nothing could exceed the joy of the inhabitants. The two lovers long lived in unexampled felicity; and made the whole district as virtuous and happy as themselves.

HISTORICAL EXAMPLES OF HUMANITY.

ON the day of the battle of Dettingen, a musketeer, named Girardeau, dangerously wounded, was carried near the Duke of Cumberland's tent. They could find no surgeon, all of them being sufficiently employed elsewhere. They were going to dress the duke, the calf of whose leg had been pierced by a ball: "Begin," said that generous prince, "with relieving that French officer, he is more wounded than I; he may fail of succour, and I shall not."

Alphonso V. king of Sicily and Arragon, was besieging the city of Gayette. That place beginning to fail of provisions, the inhabitants were obliged to turn out the women, children, and old men, who were so many useless mouths. —These poor people found themselves reduced to the most direful extremity. If they approached the city, the besieged fired on them; if they advanced towards the enemy's camp they there met the same danger. In this sad condition, those wretches implored sometimes the compassion of their countrymen, not to suffer them to die with hunger. Alphonso was moved with pity at this spectacle, and forbid his soldiers to use them ill. He then assembled his council, and asked the advice of the principal officers, respecting the manner he ought to act with these unfortunate people. They all gave their opinion that they ought not to receive them, and said, that if they perished by hunger, or by the sword, none could be blamed but the inhabitants, who had driven them out of the city. Alphonso was offended at their hardness of heart: he protested he would rather renounce the taking of Gayette than resolve to let so many wretches die of hunger. He also added, that a victory purchased at that price would be less worthy of a magnanimous king than a barbarian and a tyrant. 'I am not come,' said he, 'to make war on women, children, and feeble old men, but on enemies capable of defending themselves.' He immediately gave orders that they should receive all those unfortunate people into the camp, and caused provisions, and whatever was necessary, to be distributed amongst them.

A violent tempest, which Alphonso V. king of Arragon, was exposed to at sea, obliged him to put up into an island. Being there in perfect security, he perceived one of his galleys on the point of being swallowed up in the waves; with the equipage and troops that were on board. —The spectacle excited his compassion, and he immediately gave orders that they should go and succour those unhappy people. Hereupon his people terrified at the danger, represented to him, that it was better to let one ship perish, than expose all the rest to the danger of ship-wreck. Alphonso did not listen to this advice: but, without deliberating, embarked on board the admiral's ship, and immediately departed to give them timely succour; the rest, seeing the king expose himself with so much resolution, were animated by his example, and every one hastened to follow him. The enterprise at length succeeded; but he likewise ran great risk of perishing, it being so very dangerous. The generous Alphonso said, 'I would have preferred being buried in the sea with all my fleet, rather than have seen those wretches perish full in my view without helping them.'

For the NEW-YORK WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

THE CRIMINAL.

(Continued from page 335.)

O MOMENT for reflection! O innocence forever fled!—My children are satisfied, and—I am miserable. O God of nature, hear my cries! I would ask of thee forgiveness, for oh! the deed of yesterday hangs heavy on my soul. What have I done?—I stopped the stranger, and asked his purse: he refused. I clapt the murderous weapon to his breast and demanded it—he hesitated.—In imagination I viewed my family perishing for food. I could not wait—The flint struck—the stranger fell—and—O earth hide me in thy bosom!—Wretch! how do the words escape my lips—I beheld my father.—

When reason had regained its seat, I found myself in company with my children, relieving their wants from out my father's purse.

My wife questioned me as to the manner of my procuring the unexpected boon. The truth I did not evade; but I related to her every circumstance, except that the murdered person was the author of my being. She shuddered at the tale. "O my husband!" she uttered, "why did you not inform me of your intention? Sooner would I have perished of hunger, than the crime should have been committed." "Alas!" I returned, "while yet conscious innocence held thine eyelids closed, the deed was perpetrated.

"O my Euphemia! thou knowest not the extent of my villainy! If thou didst, thou wouldest shun my sight, and think me a devil that had assumed the form of man. What crime is worse than—But stop, thy feeble frame cannot now stand the shock.—Summon all thy fortitude; soon will the awful tidings sound dreadful in thine ears." L. B.

(To be continued.)

SELECTED OBSERVATIONS OF A LATE WORTHY DIVINE.

ADRIAN, the coadjutor of Ximenes in the government of Castile, was much disturbed at the libels which flew about against them. Ximenes was perfectly easy. "If," said he, "we take the liberty to act, others will take the liberty to talk and write: when they charge us falsely, we may laugh; when truly, we must mend."

Dr. Green of St. John's college, trying to skate, got a terrible fall backwards—"Why, Doctor," said a friend who was with him, "I thought you had understood the business better."—"O," replied the Doctor, "I have the theory perfectly; I want nothing but the practice."—How many of us, in matters of a much higher and more important nature, come under the Doctor's predicament!

NEW-YORK.

MARRIED,

On Saturday evening the 29th ult. by the Right Rev. Bishop Provost, Colonel DEVEAUX, well known for his military achievements and social virtues, to Miss VERPLANK, of Dutchess County.

Same evening, by the Rev. Dr. Moore, Mr. EDWARD PRIOR, to Miss FANNY FISHER, both of this city.

Same evening, by the Rev. Dr. Linn, Mr. BENJAMIN FERRIS, to Miss ANN POST, daughter of Mr. Henry Post.

METEOROLOGICAL OBSERVATIONS.

From the 23d to the 29th ult.

	THERMOMETER observed at		Prevailing winds.		OBSERVATIONS on the WEATHER.
	6, A. M.	3, P. M.	6.	3.	
	deg. 100.	deg. 100.			
April 23	46	48	se.	e.	rain do. l. wd.
24	44	49	e.	do.	cloudy rain l. wd.
25	48	60	s.	do.	rain fog. cle. calm l. w.
26	49	63	sw.	do.	clear do. calm l. wd.
27	43	56	ne.	se.	clear do. lt. wd. do.
28	44	61	e.	s.	clear do. l. wd. h. wd.
29	50	71	e.	do.	clear do. lt. do.

RESULTS OF METEOROLOGICAL OBSERVATIONS.

FOR APRIL 1797.

Made in the Cupals of the MUSEUM, by G. BAKER, Proprietor.

Mean Temperature of the Thermometer at sun-rise (Far. Sc.)	43	6
Do. do. of the do. at 3 P. M.	53	7
Do. do. of the do. the whole month	48	65
Greatest monthly range between the 5th. and 14th.	47	0
Do. do. in 24 hours, the 5th.	23	0
Warmest day the 5th.	82	0
Coldest day the 14th.	35	0

12 days it rained, and an uncommon quantity has fallen.
1 do. it snowed, about 6 in. deep, it all disappeared by the following day.
14 do. the wind was at the westward of north and south, at the ob. h.
16 do. the do. was at the eastward of do. and do. do.
17 do. the do. was light at both observations.
4 do. the do. was high at do. do.
13 do. it was clear at do. do.
11 do. it was cloudy at do. do.
3 times it Thundered and Lightened, in considerable abundance.

For the NEW-YORK WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

AN ACROSTIC.

ON THE REV.

GREAT is the work---the cause a glorious one,
E'en to proclaim God's everlasting son:
O h may he all your faithful labours bless,
Reward your toils, and give you great success;
G uard you from harm, your useful life prolong,
E ver inspire and animate your song.

R eligion to promote is your delight,
O h worthy champion of the PRINCE OF LIGHT:
B old in the glorious cause of righteousness,
E ach word, each action does your zeal express:—
R ever'd by all—when this frail life is o'er
T o joys immortal shall your spirit soar,
S hall sing Redeeming love for evermore.

REBECCA.

NEW-YORK, April 23d 1797.

For the NEW-YORK WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

LINES,

ON THE DESTRUCTION OF LISBON.

O MAY God's hand still hover o'er my head,
Twixt me and earthquakes may thy fingers spread;
When ocean rises, and when mountains fall,
Still shield my temples with that five-fold wall.
Then when huge tons of bursting hills are hurl'd,
My feet may stand amidst a reeling world;
In hours unguarded, when I slumber most,
Be thou my keeper and protect the post:
So shall thy servant like Elijah stand,
Beneath the palm of thy Almighty hand.

J. D.

THE APPROACH OF SPRING.

COME, lovely Flora, aid me to pourtray
The rising beauties of the vernal day,
The grateful season that fresh life inspires,
Wakes the dull spirits, and resumes their fires;
That bids dead nature gaudy colours wear,
And paints with every hue th' unfolding year!
As when from sombre shades, and gloomy night,
Joyous we rise, and hail the new born light,
Shake off the chains of lethargy to hear
Harmonious music charm the ravish'd ear,
By sleep refresh'd, by rest again made strong,
Mix in the scene, and join the busy throng;
Thus view Creation's wide-extended plain,
Where fallen Winter held its dreary reign,
Where frost and snow deform'd each fertile vale,
The driving tempest, and the rattling hail.
Now spring the flowers, now teems the verdant ground,
And the gay landscape brightens all around;
Each plant resumes its native form and dye,
Some ting'd with red, some emulate the sky:
All in their native elegance of dress,
Welcome the Spring, its power benign confess!
The morn how sweet, how fair the rising dawn!
Gay shines the sun athwart the enamell'd lawn,
The new cloath'd earth drinks bibulous his ray,
And Nature glories in his equal sway.
Creation's hymns ascend the source of light,
Whose golden splendors chase the brumal night;
Whose genial warmth o'erpowers the frigid north,
Pours plenty down, and calls fresh beauties forth.
Deep, deep, I hear each object swell the strain,
Exulting in auspicious Phoebus' reign;
E'en things inanimate their incense raise,
And what was mute, grows vocal in his praise;
While ancient deities are all forgot,
Sleep in contempt, and unmolested rot.
When Jupiter enrag'd can storm no more,
Nor Neptune roll his billows to the shore;
When Egypt's dogs no linen-priests furround,
And leeks unhonour'd cloath her fertile ground*;

* Alluding to the ancient Egyptian form of worship.

Wife Persia's god majestic keeps his sphere,
Whom rolling worlds with all their tribes revere.
Be calm, ye storms; ye tempests, rage no more,
Nor waste your fury on the rugged shore;
Mild flow, ye waves; ye winds, no longer sweep,
With awful madness, o'er th' expanded deep,
Nor dare to lift the towering furies high,
Foaming resistless to the lofty sky:
Avant, nor cloud the lustre of the day;
A milder reign succeeds, a gentler sway!
Come, beauteous Spring! come, hasten with thy train,
Gentle and lovely, to assume thy reign;
The fairest flowers that early Nature yields,
That rise spontaneous in the fertile fields,
Or grace the banks of pure meandering rills,
Or love the sunshine on the sloping hills;
With richest gems shall thy bright crown adorn,
Empearl'd with dew-drops from the pointed thorn;
Though eastern monarchs boast their regal state,
On whom unnumber'd slaves obsequious wait,
Though deck'd with all that fills the flaming mine,
How mean their splendor, when compar'd with thine!
For thee again the birds resume their song,
Raise high their notes, and the glad strains prolong;
Their soft descant they teach the neighbouring grove,
And each close shade bears witness to their love.
Nor these alone; through wide Creation's space,
From the low insect to the human race,
All hail thy influence, bless thy genial power,
Thou best enlivener of each cheerful hour!
While aromatic plants perfume the air,
And flowers and shrubs are deck'd supremely fair.
As o'er their heads the balmy zephyrs play,
And gently fan them all the live-long day,
The sons of age feel happier days return,
With joys renew'd and fresh emotions burn;
Shake off the gloom contracted by their years,
As round their temples wave their hoary hairs.
Soon as the bird of morn proclaims the dawn,
And quits, on fluttering wings, the dewy lawn,
Forth rush the swains, regardless of the toil,
To break the glebe, and fertilize the soil;
With cheerful hearts their constant labour ply,
Till Sol's bright beams desert the western sky;
Then homeward bending, taste unbroken rest,
For seldom anguish racks the guiltless breast:
Save where fond love attacks the feeling heart,
And the soft passions generous warmth impart;
Save where the lover, pensive and alone,
Makes woods and caves re-echo to his moan;
And every thought intent on some coy fair,
With bitter wailing fills the ambient air.
Almighty Love! say whence those melting fires,
Those glowing transports, and those soft desires,
That warm the soul; and, every sense refin'd,
That humanize the fierce, obdurate mind?
From Nature all—from Nature's God they flow,
Who bade the breast with pure emotions glow:
When heaven-born Virtue binds with sacred ties,
And smiling beauty fascinates the eyes,
He, source of all, adorns the laughing day,
And bids the flowers their gaudy tints display;
With vernal gales dispenses life around,
While love and music through each grove resound.
† The sun was adored by the Persians.

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